Dead London

(A court scene. Muttering in background.)
MISS OLM: Next case.
THE DOCTOR: That will be me. Good morning, sir. I'm the Doctor.
MAGISTRATE: The Doctor? What kind of a preposterous sobriquet is that?
THE DOCTOR: An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. Now, as I was explaining to these officers, there's been a misunderstanding.
MAGISTRATE: Has there indeed. You stand before this Court charged with and I quote, leaving a blue box on a double yellow line on Holborn Viaduct, is that correct?
THE DOCTOR: Well, yes. You see, I was inside waiting while my friend Lucie went off to do some shopping, I'd have moved it the moment anybody needed a space, I always do.
MAGISTRATE: I see, you make a habit of doing this, then?
THE DOCTOR: When Lucie has the shopping bug, yes.
(Laughter from some of the assembly.)
MAGISTRATE: Miss Olm, what is this box?
MISS OLM: A Nineteen Sixties Police Box, sir.
MAGISTRATE: Is that so.
(Crowd mutters of astonishment.)
MAGISTRATE: And have your men checked inside it? Sergeant?
SERGEANT: Sorry, m'lud? I mean, sir?
(Laughter from some of the crowd.)
SERGEANT: Were you talking to me?
MAGISTRATE: I was attempting to, yes. Have the police checked inside it?
SERGEANT: Not at this time, sir, no.
MAGISTRATE: Why not, Sergeant?
SERGEANT: W... we had a problem effecting entry, sir.
MAGISTRATE: And do you know why that should be, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Trouble with the lock? Anyway, I'd been waiting for her - Lucie, that is - for over two hours. I was starting to worry.
MAGISTRATE: I believe the sign clearly stated "No waiting at any time."
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I - I'm sorry about that, but then my instruments showed that there was a localised temporal shift in the region Lucie was heading for.
MAGISTRATE: Instruments? A localised temporal shift?
THE DOCTOR: In time. Quite extraordinary.
MAGISTRATE: Oh, indeed. The very expression.
(Some laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: So of course I stepped outside to look for her and that's when I was arrested by these officers.
MAGISTRATE: Why are we bothering with this case? Miss Olm, anything known about the suspect?
MISS OLM: Nothing, sir.
MAGISTRATE: A shame. Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
MAGISTRATE: Don't interrupt.
(Some laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: Sorry.
MAGISTRATE: Doctor, sometimes the police can be overzealous. That would appear to be the case here.
THE DOCTOR: I completely understand. So, er ... case dismissed?
MAGISTRATE: I'm afraid not.
(Noise of temporal change. The MAGISTRATE changes to a deeper voiced JUDGE JEFFREYS and the crowd are more heckling.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: I now pronounce sentence. You will be taken from here at such a time as deemed convenient to a place of execution where you will hang from the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.
(The crowd cheers.)
THE DOCTOR: For a parking offence?
(Crowd jeering.)
THE DOCTOR: This is the Seventeenth century. I'm in the dock of the Old Bailey. Or the Young

Bailey, more like it.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Well, have you nothing to say, you impudent rogue?
THE DOCTOR: Must be another temporal shift.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Gentlemen of the jury. Take note of the criminal carriage of this fellow. Was there ever such a villain on the face of the Earth?
THE DOCTOR: Now look, you've made a terrible mistake. You must have me confused with someone else.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: One cannot help abhorring such a man and his watery excuses. A prigger of prance is as a saint to such a fellow as this.
(Gasps of astonishment from audience.)
THE DOCTOR: A prigger of pra ... Oh, you mean a horse thief? Really. Look, I've been called many things in my life, but - but...
JUDGE JEFFREYS: A clappadogeon would be ashamed of such villainy.
(Laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: A clappa what? ... Oh, come on, Doctor ... Oh yes! A dishonest beggar? That's outrageous.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Hold the candle to him that I may see his brazen face.
(Chair moved.)
THE DOCTOR: What - what, what, what, watch where you're sticking that. Singe a single hair, I'll sue.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Ah yes. Dame Fortune has delivered me a most unexpected prize. I see thee, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, have we met before?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Possibly. We shall not meet again. Take him away!
THE DOCTOR: Wait, wait! Wait! Who are you?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: I, sir? Why, I am Judge Jeffreys.
THE DOCTOR: Hanging Judge Jeffreys?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: The very same.
THE DOCTOR: No, you're not.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: What?
THE DOCTOR: You don't look like George.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: You babble, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: How's Sarah? Is she any better?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Sarah?
THE DOCTOR: Your wife, remember?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Of course, of course.
THE DOCTOR: And your children?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Both fine.
THE DOCTOR: Your seven children?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Yes, yes, they're all well.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, who are you, really?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: I am the Lord Chief Justice of England, and you would do well to remember it.
THE DOCTOR: Nonsense, you're an impostor. An impostor who's got something to do with that time slip, I bet.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Your imaginary ravings would grace Don Quixote and Sancho. Next case. Turnkey?
THE TURNKEY: Yes, your Lordship?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Remove this miscreant from the dock.
THE TURNKEY: At once, your Lordship.
(Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I have to find my friend Lucie.
THE TURNKEY: You'll stay right there, Doctor, until we take you to Newgate.

(Chains and gasps as another prisoner brought in.)
THE TURNKEY: Well. If it ain't the legend herself.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: No need to take the irons off. I can do it meself. See? How's that, then?
(Said as her chains drop. Cheering.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Sophia Shepherd. Once more you come before me.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Nice to see you again, your Lordship, but begging your pardon, I'd like to be referred to by my professional name during these proceedings. Spring-Heeled Sophie.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Professional name? And what profession might that be?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I am a funambulist of no small standing.
THE DOCTOR: A tightrope walker!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: That's right, sir. Standing on me 'ead and such. I can even dance blindfold on me mechanics.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Mechanics?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Me rope. Fly down a perpendicular with me legs and arms extended, and diverse other activities to the admiration of the spectators. I'm the finest funambulist in London Town!
(Cheering.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: That may be, but we are concerned here with your *nocturnal* funambulism.
(Some laughter.)

(Horse neigh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me? Has there been a power cut? Sorry, I seem to have got lost. Do you know...? Oh. Please yourself. You Southerners are so unfriendly.
(Vehicle noise starts to appear.)
YELLOW BERYL: Look out, love.
LUCIE MILLER: Look out for what?
YELLOW BERYL: Behind yer.
(Tram noise. Bump. LUCIE MILLER gasps. Tram stops.)
YELLOW BERYL: You all right, love?
LUCIE MILLER: I think so. A tram? What's a tram doing here?
YELLOW BERYL: What are *you* doing here, you mean. What were you thinking of, standing right on the tram tracks? Here, up you come.
(LUCIE MILLER helped up.)
YELLOW BERYL: That's it. Now, let's see the damage. Don't look too bad. Could have been nasty.
LUCIE MILLER: No, I'm okay.
TRAM DRIVER: Why didn't she look where she was going? What's the matter with her, is she simple?
YELLOW BERYL: Drunk, most likely.
LUCIE MILLER: I am not.
YELLOW BERYL: Play along and you won't get nicked. Yeah, I can smell it on her breath. Gin.
LUCIE MILLER: Gin? Oh yes. I love the stuff, me.
(She hiccups.)
YELLOW BERYL: See, she admits it. It's all right, motor man, I'll look after her. You go about your business. She won't be any more trouble.
TRAM DRIVER: See that she isn't. Vagrant lushes walking the streets this time of night. I don't know.
YELLOW BERYL: Remember girl, what the Prime Minister told us - we're fighting Germans, Austrians and drink, and the deadliest of our foes is drink.
(Tram drives off.)
YELLOW BERYL: There. He's gone now. Follow me.
(Walking off.)

LUCIE MILLER: Thanks for saving me.
YELLOW BERYL: You're welcome, love. Too much misery around these days without you getting nicked for drinking.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, but - what year is this?
YELLOW BERYL: Are you sure you ain't tiddly? Mind out, there's another one coming.
(Tram noise.)
YELLOW BERYL: I'm Beryl, by the way.
LUCIE MILLER: Lucie.
(Tram noise nearer then fading away.)
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey! Your face, it ... Oh. Sorry, silly me. Must just be the light from the tram.
(YELLOW BERYL laughs.)
YELLOW BERYL: You never seen a canary before, then?
LUCIE MILLER: Canary? You mean your face and hair really are bright yellow?
YELLOW BERYL: It's the TNT.
LUCIE MILLER: What TNT?
YELLOW BERYL: The stuff that goes in the shells we make.
LUCIE MILLER: You're a ... munitions worker?
YELLOW BERYL: Yellow Beryl, they call me.
LUCIE MILLER: But that's terrible.
YELLOW BERYL: Oh, I rather like the name. And I reckon the yellow goes with me bluebell uniform.
LUCIE MILLER: Very nice.
YELLOW BERYL: There's no uniform so dinky as the girl's munitions blue. She's working hard for the coming home of the boys at the front so true.
LUCIE MILLER: Very nice, and very dinky as well.
(They laugh.)
YELLOW BERYL: Most West End girls like you draw away their skirts and cross the road when they see a canary.
LUCIE MILLER: Actually, I don't have any skirts to draw away. See?
(Air raid siren starts.)
YELLOW BERYL: Oh-oh. Here we go. The Zeps are back.
LUCIE MILLER: The Zeps?
YELLOW BERYL: Zeppelins, of course. Are you sure you hadn't had a little nip of brandy?
LUCIE MILLER: Beryl, I am stone-cold sober, I swear. Now, please, tell me what year this is.
YELLOW BERYL: Nineteen Seventeen, of course.
LUCIE MILLER: What?!
YELLOW BERYL: Come on, we need to find shelter.

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Your Lordship, I never stole nothing. It was a coincidence those robberies happening near where I was practising my funambulism.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: An astounding coincidence.
THE DOCTOR: I've known more astounding coincidence. This one time, this Sea Devil had me by the...
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Silence! Go on, girl. You were practising your funambulism?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah, walking along a washing line...
JUDGE JEFFREYS: ... Through a sixth storey window where you stole ... Clerk?
CLERK: An extremely valuable silver tankard and spoon, value, ten pounds.
(Gasps and repeat of "ten pounds".)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I never!
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Yet they were found in your possession, were they not? Well?
(SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE sobs.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Don't cousin me, you pitiful wench! Have you anything to say in your defence?

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I'm as honest a poor girl as ever walked the streets of London.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: It's your walking *over* the said streets that concerns me.
(Laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: Your Lordship, if I may.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: You may not, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: She is very young. Too young to hang, surely?
HECKLER: Shut up, you fop!
(Crowd jeering.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: The masses, it seems, do not agree. Everyone likes a hanging, after all.
(Cheering.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Turnkey? Bring this unruly individual to a due submission.
THE DOCTOR: Listen, Jeffreys, think of the acclaim you'd receive if you let her off.
THE TURNKEY: Snug's the word, Doctor.
(Punch. Thud. Cheering.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Spring-heeled Sophie.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yes, your Lordship?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: You turned down the opportunity to obtain your bread in an honest way by working as a funambulist and turned instead to a life of crime!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Only because I fell out with the Bearded Lady, your Lordship. I told her she had a most prolic feard and moustachios that made her look like a King Charles Spaniel.
(Laughter.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I thought she'd take it as a compliment.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: I therefore find you guilty as charged. You now have an appointment with another rope, and you won't be walking along this one, you'll be dancing on the end of it doing the Tyburn jig! Take the Doctor and the girl to Newgate.
(Cheering.)

(Air raid siren sounding in the background.)
YELLOW BERYL: I've just been to visit my best boy Freddie at Saint Bart's, cheer him up a bit.
LUCIE MILLER: Is he all right?
YELLOW BERYL: Not really. But he's happy to be out of the trenches, love.
HERALD: Everyone, under cover! The Zeps are coming in. Everyone under cover!
YELLOW BERYL: Kaiser and his blinking Zeppelins. I don't think they ought to be allowed to make them things and go up there, prying into the Almighty's private affairs. There it is. You dirty band of scamps! See it?
LUCIE MILLER: It's moving so slowly.
YELLOW BERYL: Like a silent silver cigar in the sky.
(Bangs.)
YELLOW BERYL: Come on, it's dropping 'em.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, I have to find the bloke I came with, the Doctor.
YELLOW BERYL: He'll have to wait, unless you want him to find you in bits and pieces. This way. Our nearest underground is Post Office, next to Saint Paul's.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm so going to kill the Doctor when I find him.
(Screams and more bombs.)
LUCIE MILLER: It was means to be the Twenty-First century, not the piggin' First World War!
(More bombs, screams from people.)

(Chains, distant mad laughter from a woman.)
THE DOCTOR: So this is the condemned cell, is it?
GUARD: Don't make yourselves too comfortable. You won't be here long.
(GUARD laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: We've not been properly introduced, Sophie. I'm the Doctor.

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh! A titled gent. What are you 'ere for? Poisoning your patients?
THE DOCTOR: Traffic violation.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh, I've known a few violators in me time. None as handsome as you, though.
(She giggles.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh, come on. Not even a small smile?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I was just thinking about my friend Lucie. She could be anywhere now, or anywhen.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I know London like the back of me hand. If we were out of here I could help you find her.
THE DOCTOR: I bet you could, but how do you suggest we effect our release?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: You look like a well-to-do gent. Might you not have a pocket watch or a few hidden golden coins about yourself?
THE DOCTOR: And if I had?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: We could share our resources. Use them to bribe our way out of here.
THE DOCTOR: What do you have to share?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Hang on. How about this? Guards missed it.
THE DOCTOR: What is that?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Me snake box.
THE DOCTOR: Your what?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: See? All these little snakes carved into it.
THE DOCTOR: Well, well. A Cista Mystica.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: And who's Sister Mystica when she's at home?
THE DOCTOR: Not Sister, Cista. C - I - S - T - A.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh, spelling's not that good. So what is it?
THE DOCTOR: It's a snake box.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: That's what I said!
THE DOCTOR: It's a Roman religious artefact. Worshippers of Dionysus used to keep sacred snakes inside them for use in their rites.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Well, this ain't got snakes in it. It's got flashing fairies instead.
THE DOCTOR: Flashing fairies? Let me see.
(Box unclasped. Pulsating.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Pretty, eh?
THE DOCTOR: Well, well, well. This certainly isn't Roman, Sophie. And those fairies of yours are actually control lights.
(Tapping.)
THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it, this box is made from telmodian.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Telmodian? What on Earth's that?
THE DOCTOR: It's a metal, Sophie. And it's not from Earth.
(Note: definitely sounds like telmodian here but should be telmonium.)

(Shouts, air raid sirens. Quick walking. Bangs.)
YELLOW BERYL: Post Office. Down we go. What are you stopping for?
LUCIE MILLER: I was thinking about the Doctor. What if he's in trouble up there?
YELLOW BERYL: They'll have to stay in trouble. Listen, it's not safe up there, sweetheart, and I don't just mean the Zeps neither. There's something else can get you.
LUCIE MILLER: Something else?
YELLOW BERYL: The Blackout Killer.
LUCIE MILLER: Who?
YELLOW BERYL: Don't you read the papers? A fellow of frightful appearance who has been in the habit of attacking respectable females in the neighbourhood of Newgate. That's how they describe him.

LUCIE MILLER: That's all I need.
YELLOW BERYL: He always strikes when the Zeps come over. Taking advantage of the blackout to kill his victims. All you hear is the tap-tap of his stick. Best wait it out with me. Come on.
LUCIE MILLER: Perhaps it would be best to wait.
YELLOW BERYL: Oh, I don't believe it.
(Rattle of chains/gate.)
YELLOW BERYL: They've locked it!
(Sudden bang, they gasp. The explosion fades away.)

THE DOCTOR: Telmonium is an incredibly durable metal, but incredibly rare. As far as I recall it's only found on Quagreeg.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Quag where?
THE DOCTOR: Quagreeg. A marsh world in the Sirius System, populated by some rather unpleasant reptilian life-forms. Of course. This is starting to make sense.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Not to me it ain't.
THE DOCTOR: Sophie, steel yourself. I suspect we're dealing with something or someone rather nasty.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Well, if we are, we'll be needing a more useful bit than the old snake box. A knife, I'm thinking.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, this is very useful to someone. See these buttons?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah, useless. I tried pressing them.
THE DOCTOR: You pressed them?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Don't go getting all hoity-toity. Nothing happened.
THE DOCTOR: Well, not to you maybe, but it explains how I got here. I think they operate invisible tractor beams. What I don't understand though is where Lucie is.

(Air raid siren.)
YELLOW BERYL: Phew. It's all over, for now. Let's see what's left up top, eh?
(Walking up steps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey. That whole building's come down. We were lucky.
YELLOW BERYL: I'm a lucky charm. At least that's what my Freddie says. Listen, Lucie, I'd better be getting along to the factory. Got to feed the guns. You can come if you like.
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks, but no thanks, Beryl. I've got to find the Doctor.
YELLOW BERYL: Which way are you headed, then?
LUCIE MILLER: I last saw him at Holborn Viaduct.
YELLOW BERYL: Right, then. Go down there, cross straight over Ludgate Circus, then go all the way up Farringdon Street, all right?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, thanks.
YELLOW BERYL: Hope you find that Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: And I hope Freddie gets better soon. Bye.
YELLOW BERYL: Ta-ra.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. Back to civilisation, hopefully.
(Sudden flourish. Trickling of water.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah! Beryl? Beryl!
YELLOW BERYL: What's the matter? What happened?
LUCIE MILLER: This river happened. I nearly fell in.
YELLOW BERYL: Wouldn't want to do that. The water's filthy.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't understand. It wasn't here before.
YELLOW BERYL: Well ... sometimes it's here, and sometimes it's not.
LUCIE MILLER: That's weird. What's weirder, though, is that you seem to be taking it all in your stride.
YELLOW BERYL: Oh, you don't take any notice after a while.

LUCIE MILLER: So, what's on the other side?
YELLOW BERYL: Usually Fleet Street, but it depends.
LUCIE MILLER: On what?
YELLOW BERYL: On what he wants.

THE DOCTOR: Someone's playing with us, Sophie, manipulating time and space for their own ends. And this Cista Mystica of yours is the key.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: How's that, then?
THE DOCTOR: It's their control box. Without it, they're just as lost in this jumble as us.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah, but who's doing this?
THE DOCTOR: Ah - now, if I knew that, everything would be much simpler, wouldn't it?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I knew you were all mouth.

(Water trickling.)
LUCIE MILLER: He? Who is 'he'? Beryl?
YELLOW BERYL: I should be going. My boss will be wondering where I am.
LUCIE MILLER: Wait. Doesn't it bother you, a river that appears and disappears?
YELLOW BERYL: It's not good to ask too many questions, Lucie. Just ignore it, that's what I do.
LUCIE MILLER: I can't ignore it, it's in my way.
YELLOW BERYL: Look, when you start to question things, it - it all goes fuzzy.
LUCIE MILLER: Fuzzy? How do you mean?
YELLOW BERYL: Things fade away. I can't be having that. I don't want to go crazy like the others.
LUCIE MILLER: The others?
YELLOW BERYL: We have to believe, Lucie, believe that the earth is firm beneath our feet.

THE DOCTOR: Sophie, we need clues. Come on, anything unusual, something you've seen that doesn't add up, someone acting suspiciously.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Apart from you, you mean? No.
THE DOCTOR: Think hard. It might be hidden in your subconscious.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: My what?
THE DOCTOR: Ah, where's Sigmund when you need him? In your dreams. Something on the edges of your mind, hiding.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Wait a minute. I do remember something. Something pretty strange.
THE DOCTOR: What?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: It was when I escaped from the workhouse. As I was climbing down the outside wall, there was this "whoosh!" and a weird flash, and I felt really odd, sick for days, but afterwards I was all right again. So I went off and became a funambulist.
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Isn't that what you wanted?
THE DOCTOR: No.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: What's wrong with it?
THE DOCTOR: It, er, complicates things.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: How?
THE DOCTOR: Sophie, that "whoosh!" you experienced, that was you being picked up and transported by a tractor beam.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: One of those things from me snake box?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, which is odd, seeing as you're from the seventeenth century anyway. Why transport someone in Space but not in Time? Sophie, where did you get this Cista Mystica?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I nicked it.
THE DOCTOR: (amused:) I'm aware of that. From whom did you nick it?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: The Latins.

THE DOCTOR: The Latins? You mean the Romans?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah, that's them. I stole it from their temple.
THE DOCTOR: Their temple?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: An underground cave with an altar and statues and stuff.
THE DOCTOR: What sort of statues.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh - like with a huge serpent wrapped round him, and another bloke killing a bull.
THE DOCTOR: Sounds like a temple to the god Mithras. Where is it?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Where the river ends.

LUCIE MILLER: Even if I could ignore the river, I couldn't ignore its stink. Whew! So where is "he", then, the guy who moves rivers about?
YELLOW BERYL: He is everywhere.
LUCIE MILLER: I thought he might be.
YELLOW BERYL: Don't you have him in your time, then?
LUCIE MILLER: Thankfully no. Er - sorry, did you say my time?
YELLOW BERYL: Yes. Look at what you're wearing. A vest with "Beatles" written on it. Those trousers. You can't fool me. You're from one of the other times, aren't you?
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? But - how would you know about ... Oh, never mind. Okay, yeah, I am from another time. Do you know how I got here, then?
YELLOW BERYL: You were sentenced to transportation, most likely.
LUCIE MILLER: Transportation, I see. You know, I really think I need to find the Doctor, and to do that I'm going to have to get across this river. Any tips?
YELLOW BERYL: Don't. Because if he finds out there'll be hell to pay.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, stop it with your "he" this and "he" that. I'm off to find a way to cross this river. Thanks and goodbye.
(Walking off.)
YELLOW BERYL: All right, love. I've said my piece. Goodbye and good luck. You'll need it. As Freddie and the boys in the trenches always say, if you knows of a better hole, go to it.

THE DOCTOR: Roman London and seventeenth century London side by side. That's an astonishing piece of temporal engineering. Time to meet the engineer, I think, Sophie.
(Bell starts to chime.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Shh! Doctor, listen.
BELLMAN: All you that in the condemned hole do lie, prepare yourself for today you die.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: The bellman.
BELLMAN: Examine well yourself in time repent, that you may not to eternal flames be sent.
THE DOCTOR: That voice. Where have I heard it before?
BELLMAN: And as Saint Sepulchre's bell now tolls, the Lord above have mercy on your souls.

(Flowing water.)
LUCIE MILLER: A bridge, a bridge, my kingdom for a bridge. Ah. Now, this looks promising. Modern buildings on the other side. Beryl, I think I'm getting closer to one of your other times.
(Tapping as though a blind man is tapping a walking stick on the pavement, sniffing, male chuckling, tapping continues.)

(Horse breathes.)
THE TURNKEY: Here we are, Mr Ketch. Two prisoners all present and correct, ready for Old Mother Tyburn.
KETCH: Thank you, Turnkey. Go and open the gate, will you?
THE TURNKEY: Straight away, Mr Ketch.
(Horse neighs.)
KETCH: Up you get, then. Need a hand, Miss Sophie?

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I can shift for meself, thanks.
KETCH: That's it, just squeeze in alongside your coffins. Oh, I like that coat, Mister Doctor. Very flamboyant. That'll go down well with the crowds.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
KETCH: It'll go down well with me too. You see, I have the right to the prisoners' wardrobe after their death.
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
KETCH: Mind your fingers.
(Gate closed.)
KETCH: Walk on.
(Horse snorting.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: You can do this, Sophie girl.
THE DOCTOR: Hold on in there, Sophie, I think I'm beginning to understand.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Don't you worry about me, Doctor. I'm as tough as old boots.
KETCH: Didn't introduce myself, did I? Jack Ketch at your service, lord of the scaffold. Hanging, drawing, quartering, by appointment.
THE DOCTOR: All right, let's drop this pretence, shall we?
KETCH: Sorry?
THE DOCTOR: Who are you really?
KETCH: I told you - Jack Ketch. London's finest hangman.
THE DOCTOR: Oh really? Not the Magistrate, then, or the Judge, the Bellman? But they're not who you *really* are, are they? They're just your avatars.
KETCH: I've been called a lot of names in me time but never an avocado before.
(KETCH chuckles.)
THE DOCTOR: Don't play games, you're an alien, a shape-shifting one from Quagreeg, unless I'm very much mistaken.
KETCH: You been at the killgrief or something?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Ain't that the place my snake box come from?
THE DOCTOR: Shh! We don't want him to know that, do we? You recognised who I was in the Magistrate's Court, but you couldn't risk dealing with me there because it would affect the reality of your Two Thousand And Eight London, so you switched to seventeenth century London, where I could be executed with no questions asked. Correct?
KETCH: Gonna be a nice day for it, I reckon.
THE DOCTOR: Well, if it's the TARDIS you're after, you'll never succeed in getting inside.
KETCH: Sometimes I can never seem to get the drop right. So it takes a long time for you to croak. A *very* long time, if you get my meaning, Doctor.

(Tapping amidst river flowing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Someone there? Ah.
(Sound of crowd.)
LUCIE MILLER: Now, that doesn't sound like Nineteen Seventeen over there. Aha! Smokers standing outside a pub. It must be Two Thousand And Eight. Hello! Hey!
(A male young drinker, YOUNG DRINKER 1, sounds Australian.)
YOUNG DRINKER 1: Hey yourself!
LUCIE MILLER: Could you tell me, is there a bridge across this river?
YOUNG DRINKER 1: Sure.
LUCIE MILLER: Where?
(YOUNG DRINKER 2 is female and sounds Irish.)
YOUNG DRINKER 2: Come on, Darren, or you'll lose your pint.
YOUNG DRINKER 1: Sorry. Got to go. Come and have a drink when you get over here.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, no, wait! This is an emergency! Typical.
(Tapping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Who's there?

BLACKOUT KILLER: Don't you recognise my tapping, dearie?
LUCIE MILLER: You ... you're not...
BLACKOUT KILLER: Oh, but I am, dearie. I'm the Blackout Killer.

THE DOCTOR: What do you want, Mr Ketch? What are you really after here?
KETCH: Now you're talking, Doc. Right, if you gives me some garnish...
THE DOCTOR: Garnish?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: He means bang him a couple of quid.
THE DOCTOR: A bribe? Oh for heaven's sake.
KETCH: To hang onto your legs, make it quick - three quid the pair of you. Now, I can't say fairer than that, can I?
(Crowd in distance.)
KETCH: Come on, better be quick, we're nearly at Oxford Street.
THE DOCTOR: All right, all right, let's try this another way. Noromi babagabo atz. Larenfumt at dooaleem.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Larenny who?
THE DOCTOR: It's Quagreeg for "Oh, illustrious serpent of Sirius whose scales shine like the Sun, reveal to me the origin of your creation," or words to that effect.
KETCH: All right, all right...
(Sudden transformation from KETCH to SEPULCHRE - SEPULCHRE is a whispering alien voice.)
SEPULCHRE: All right, Time Lord. Your pronunciation is curious to say the least, but you clearly know our birthing planet.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: What in the name of Henry The Eighth is that?
THE DOCTOR: An inhabitant of the planet Quagreeg, Sophie, so - who am I addressing?
SEPULCHRE: We are known on this world as Sepulchre.
THE DOCTOR: Sepulchre?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh ... like the church opposite Newgate?
SEPULCHRE: The very same, Saint Sepulchre's. Being so close to a prison seemed somehow ... appropriate.

(LUCIE MILLER walking quickly, gasping. Tapping of cane.)
BLACKOUT KILLER: That's a dead end, dearie. I can hear every move you make. No-one ever escaped. Mind you, they used me to find the Zeppelins, see? Fix me up with ear trumpets and I hear them coming in.
(BLACKOUT KILLER chuckles.)
BLACKOUT KILLER: Just like I can hear you, hiding behind them crates...
(Crash of crates.)
LUCIE MILLER: Keep away from me, you freak! Why are you doing this?
BLACKOUT KILLER: We need new blood.
(Transformation from BLACKOUT KILLER to SEPULCHRE.)
SEPULCHRE: We need new blood.

THE DOCTOR: An affinity for prisons, eh Sepulchre? Don't tell me you're trapped here too.
SEPULCHRE: It is difficult for us to explain, Doctor.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: What does he mean by us? Is he Royalty or something?
SEPULCHRE: We who are neither one nor many.
THE DOCTOR: The Quagreegs have a hive consciousness.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: That ain't helping.
THE DOCTOR: It means he can be in one place and another at the same time.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Cor! That'd come in handy for alibis.
THE DOCTOR: All right, so that explains your ability to operate a number of avatars simultaneously in different time zones - the next question is why?

SEPULCHRE: Why? It is in our nature to be plural.
THE DOCTOR: No, I meant, why me, why Sophie, why did you bring us here?
SEPULCHRE: Not only you. Everyone you see here.
THE DOCTOR: What?
SEPULCHRE: We transport suitable humans from different time eras to the re-enactment chambers.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Suitable humans? What's he mean, suitable humans?
SEPULCHRE: The poor, the vulnerable, those who will not be missed. Their lives are of no consequence.
THE DOCTOR: There we disagree. So you bring them here to your re-enactment chambers for what? To terrorise them.
SEPULCHRE: We are not cruel for pleasure, Doctor. If we did not kill it would be injurious to our well-being. It is akin to ... to...
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Draining pus from a wound?
SEPULCHRE: Our language would express it more poetically.
THE DOCTOR: Your language is the only thing about you Quagreegs that's poetic. What you're doing here is grotesque, and I'm going to put an end to it.
SEPULCHRE: Is that so? Your arrival in our world was an unexpected bonus, Doctor. The death of a...
(Transformation.)
KETCH/SEPULCHRE: ... Time Lord will greatly enhance our status.
KETCH: Frankly I don't know why you care, Mr Doctor. These people are history. As you will be.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: What does he mean?
MAN: Here they come!
(Cheering from crowd.)
KETCH: We're here. Tyburn Tree. End of the line.
(Cheering and laughter continues.)

(Crash.)
LUCIE MILLER: Missed me.
SEPULCHRE: You will not defy us.
LUCIE MILLER: You may look human, but you don't sound it. Who are you really?
SEPULCHRE: Continue with your speculations. They act as an excellent appetiser.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah? Then taste this!
(Noise like a kick, then a splash.)
LUCIE MILLER: Have a nice swim.

KETCH: Bow to the crowd, the pair of you, Tyburn etiquette.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I'll give you Tyburn etiquette. You great lizard!
(Spit, gasp from some of the crowd.)
KETCH: Charmed, I'm sure. Any farewell speeches, Doctor, before you kick the clouds?
THE DOCTOR: Actually I do have something uplifting in mind.
(THE DOCTOR clears his throat.)
THE DOCTOR: Ladies and gentlemen, I come hither to hang like a pendulum to a watch for endeavouring to be young after my time.
(Laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: In the course of my lives, I have much to apologise for. I sincerely repent sundry heinous offences against fashion. In my defence I'd plead the regrettable taste of previous incarnations. You see, it wasn't me. It was me.
(More laughter.)
KETCH: What are you playing at, Doctor? You're meant to be afraid.
THE DOCTOR: Afraid of what, Sepulchre? This isn't real. It's a re-enactment chamber, remember?

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Doctor, everything's starting to blur.
THE DOCTOR: Yes it is rather, isn't it? Sepulchre's authority is breaking down and thus his grip on this particular reality. Help me out.
(THE DOCTOR louder as though to the crowd.)
THE DOCTOR: I must also confess to some pretty awful driving. I've landed in the worst places in the world - black holes, motorway cafés, double yellow lines - what was I thinking?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: What was he drinking, more like.
(Laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: Excellent, Sophie.
KETCH: Enough Doctor, you're making a mockery of these proceedings.
THE DOCTOR: I would also like to apologise from the bottom of my hearts to all past female travelling companions.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oi! What about your present ones?
(Laughter.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I think I've worked me ropes free, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Work on mine if you can.
KETCH: Be silent, so I may do my work in earnest.
THE DOCTOR: I must finish my speech. Tyburn etiquette. You wouldn't want me to make an official complaint to the worshipful company of executioners?
(Laughter.)
KETCH: Stop it, Time Lord.
THE DOCTOR: He obviously doesn't appreciate gallows humour!
(More laughter.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: You're free, Doctor. I'm going to grab the noose and...
(Lever pulled, trap door opened. Cry by KETCH as though he has been kicked to the ground.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Hah!
(Cheering.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: That's from all us poor and vulnerable.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Spring-Heeled Sophie, we mustn't overstay our welcome.
(Running off.)
KETCH: Stop them!

(Running, then running stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: The bridge. At last. Brilliant. Back in Two Thousand And Eight. Hello, excuse me? Is this the way to Holborn?
(Sounds of male STREET SELLER 1 and STREET SELLER 2.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no, it's another time.
(Female seller STREET SELLER 3.)
STREET SELLER 3: Hogs puddings?
LUCIE MILLER: Kebab and chips? Veggie burgers?
STREET SELLER 3: Not me, love. Try Liz down there. Maybe she's got some.
LUCIE MILLER: I doubt it.

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: The Fleet's this way. Here we are. I don't think we were followed.
THE DOCTOR: No, we've still got a bit of time, I should think. It'll take Sepulchre a while to reshape that reality.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Well? What do you say to a little boat trip? We can purloin this one.
(Movement of boat.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I used it before.
THE DOCTOR: Before?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah. For larcenous purposes. That's how I got me snake box.
THE DOCTOR: The Cista Mystica. You mean you travelled to the Temple of Mithras by boat?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah, it's down river from here.

THE DOCTOR: The river, of course. That's what connects all the re-enactment chambers, linking each time zone to its fellows. Sophie, can you take me to the Temple of Mithras?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Not likely. I'm not doing that one again.
THE DOCTOR: I think it's the only way of defeating Sepulchre. If that's where you found the Cista Mystica it means that's where his centre of operations is. Perhaps that's where we'll meet the *real* Sepulchre, rather than his avatars.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Look, no offence, Doctor. I'm grateful you saved me life and all, but ... I ain't going back there. This is the parting of the ways.
THE DOCTOR: Don't you want to put an end to his rule?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I'm used to it.
THE DOCTOR: He's a monster, Sophie, who enjoys keeping everyone living in terror. You can help me put a stop to it.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Me? You heard what the judge said. I'll never amount to nothing.
THE DOCTOR: That's precisely what Sepulchre wants you and everyone in all these different Londons to believe. Because if you doubt, if you don't believe, it weakens him.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Is that so?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. He thrives on the downtrodden, the submissive. But you, Sophia Shepherd, you're a fighter. Time to reach for that high rope.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: And that's exactly what I'm going to do, Doctor. Keep talking while I get me mechanics out the boat.
THE DOCTOR: The mechanics?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Me ropes and stuff. Now, keep talking. There's someone in the shadows over there watching us. (Louder) You ain't convincing me, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: That's because you're not listening. You've been conditioned not to hear what I'm telling you. (Quieter) Are they still there?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Ducked out the way. I'll nail 'em with this. (Louder) Stand back, Doctor. I'm casting off.
LUCIE MILLER: (cry)Ah! Gerroff!
THE DOCTOR: I recognise that voice...
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Let's have a look at you, then.
LUCIE MILLER: Who do you think you are, Calamity Jane?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor! I thought it was you but I wanted to be sure. I've met a few people today who've turned out not to be who I took them for.
THE DOCTOR: Same here. Oh, it's good to see you again, Lucie.
(LUCIE MILLER laugh.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Is this the girl you were telling me about?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, this is Lucie. Lucie Miller, meet Spring-Heeled Sophie. You two should get along just fine.
LUCIE MILLER: Hi, Sophie. Would you mind extracting me from your lasso?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oh, yeah, sorry about that. Can't be too careful round here.
LUCIE MILLER: You're telling me. Doctor, what the hell's going on round here? A river that keeps appearing and disappearing, different time zones all over the place, and a guy who sounds like a snake.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, you've met Sepulchre.
LUCIE MILLER: Sepulchre?
THE DOCTOR: The alien responsible for all this.
BAND LEADER: Over here, men!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Come on, you two. Stop rabbiting and get in me boat.
LUCIE MILLER: What's going on, who are they?
BAND LEADER: Check the river.
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, but whoever they are, they don't sound friendly.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm with Sophie and the Love Boat.

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Where to?
THE DOCTOR: Down river.
BAND LEADER: I've got 'em! Over here!
THE DOCTOR: Fast.
(Rowing.)

(Snoring.)
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Ketch! Ketch, wake up, man!
(KETCH waking up.)
KETCH: All right, all right. 'Ere, what are you doing 'ere, Judge? We shouldn't be together at the same time, should we?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: No we should not, Ketch, but your failure to extirpate the Doctor has occasioned a breach of protocol. This recent perturbation of mind is a matter of grave concern. It could affect us all.
KETCH: Ain't it back to normal now, though? The gallows is as they was.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Yes, but the subject of Mother Tyburn's attentions is conspicuous by his absence.
KETCH: And the minx. Where did they go?
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Your guards inform me they are proceeding down the Fleet in a boat, doubtless in the direction of the Mithrean.
KETCH: After the Primary Being. We'd best stir ourselves, Judge, and get there ahead of them.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: The thought had not escaped me.

(Rowing.)
THE DOCTOR: Of all London's lost rivers, the Fleet is the one most associated with evil. Anyone who fell into its filth usually suffocated.
LUCIE MILLER: Phoofh! Not surprised. It stinks.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Less talking and more rowing, or we'll never reach the temple.
LUCIE MILLER: All right. Who put her in charge?
THE DOCTOR: Don't tell me you hate bossy women?
LUCIE MILLER: Ha-ha.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: We're going underground. Hand me the lantern.
(Sound of lantern.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, that smell's getting worse.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: That's better. See where we are now.
(Slight echo in the voices as though inside a cavern.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ooh. I think I preferred it when it was dark. So this river, the Fleet or whatever - it connects all the different time zones?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Information flows freely up and down the river, keeping each of the time zones updated on events in the others.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Weird.
THE DOCTOR: Not really. The neural pathways in your mind work on similar lines.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you saying I've got a mind like a sewer?
THE DOCTOR: No, but Sepulchre has. What he's been doing here stinks. He's been kidnapping life-forms from throughout Earth's past.
LUCIE MILLER: Including us.
THE DOCTOR: Including us. And re-enacting the more colourful episodes from history to feed off.
LUCIE MILLER: And you think we can stop him by heading for this temple?
THE DOCTOR: If I'm right, that's where we'll find the real Sepulchre.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Are you sure we have to go to the temple, Doctor? Couldn't the Cista Mystica work on the Judge or Jack Ketch?
THE DOCTOR: The avatars are disposable. I have to use it on the source - Sepulchre in his

true form.

LUCIE MILLER: (speaker) Oh! What's a Cista Biscuiter? Don't tell me. You're about to explain. I'll row, you talk.
SEPULCHRE: He is on his way here to the temple itself.
KETCH: That Doctor, he's as game and active as a tarantula spider.
SEPULCHRE: Ketch. That sounded dangerously close to admiration. Quell it.
KETCH: Instantaneously.
SEPULCHRE: The light of the Doctor's soul must be extinguished before he reaches the temple.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Yes. We cannot risk a repeat of our confoundment at Tyburn.
KETCH: That wasn't my fault, I was onl...
SEPULCHRE: Enough. We must send the Doctor and his companions to another time. Suggestions.
KETCH: How about Boudica's London, when the old Queen was attacking it?
SEPULCHRE: An excellent suggestion. Let the Doctor experience the firmament of wrath that is Roman Britain. Ketch, fetch me the Cista Mystica.

(Rowing.)
LUCIE MILLER: So where exactly is this temple?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. I'm assuming Sepulchre's based it on the Mithraic temple in Walbrook Street down the road from Newgate.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Newgate, again? I only just got out of there.
LUCIE MILLER: Is it significant being close to Newgate?
THE DOCTOR: Most definitely. I think Sepulchre's re-enactment chambers can only recreate one small area of London. So I imagine the Fleet must link up with another lost river, the Walbrook. Ah yes. Here we are. Right on cue. Not long now.
LUCIE MILLER: All this stuff you pinched, Sophie - what did you spent the money on?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Chapbooks. Fantastic stories of gallantry and heroes and pirates. I gets a preacher to read them to me.
THE DOCTOR: You'd make a heroine for one yourself.
LUCIE MILLER: Or a villain.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: And new rigs from top to toe. Italian. And lots of colly molly puffs. (It's a type of pastry.)
LUCIE MILLER: Was it worth it? You could have been hung.
THE DOCTOR: Hanged.
LUCIE MILLER: Hanged.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: You've never tasked a colly molly puff.
THE DOCTOR: This is it. The temple. Pass me the painter.
LUCIE MILLER: Who do you want, Leonardo or Michelangelo?
THE DOCTOR: The rope, Miss Landlubber. I need to tie up the boat. We may need it later.
LUCIE MILLER: Aye-aye, Captain Bligh. Catch.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, scary-looking place.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: It's even worse inside.
THE DOCTOR: There. That's odd.
LUCIE MILLER: What is?
THE DOCTOR: Those lock gates. Not historically accurate at all. They must control the whole of Sepulchre's river system. Interesting. Well, shall we go?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I must be mad coming back here.
LUCIE MILLER: I think we all are.

SEPULCHRE: What is it, Ketch?

KETCH: The Cista Mystica - it's not in the inner chamber. It's been stolen.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Stolen? But who would...
SEPULCHRE: The Doctor. So that's why he's coming here.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: But if he gets near you he could use it to destroy us.
SEPULCHRE: Then we shall circumvent that eventuality. There is another way to ensure his arrival in Boudica's London.

(Grinding of lock gate opening.)
THE DOCTOR: The lock gate is opening. Lucie, untie the painter, quickly.
LUCIE MILLER: Why? I thought we wanted to stay put.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: 'Cause the water level's rising and we'd be drowned same as rats if we don't.
(Movement.)
LUCIE MILLER: Done it. Whoah!
THE DOCTOR: Hold on. It's taking us away from the temple.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: We're going too fast. I can't steer.
THE DOCTOR: Just let the current carry us along.
LUCIE MILLER: Like white water rafting. Wales, midwinter, Grade Four. Whoo! Had a boyfriend tried to get me into extreme sports. Ooh! No safety brakes - he'd love this. That's why I dumped him.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Where does the river go up ahead? It just vanishes.
THE DOCTOR: A waterfall. Hold on!
LUCIE MILLER: Call that Grade Six, on runabout...
(They cry out. Splash, silence.)

KETCH: Well? Are they dead?
SEPULCHRE: Oh no, that would be too simple. We are arranging for one of our avatars to invite the Doctor and his companions to a little pagan bone-fire.

(Weeping and tapping on tin drum.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: All right, Doctor. Supposing I could throw me mechanics across to that pillar. Where would that get us?
THE DOCTOR: Out of here. With any luck. We've got to try, Sophie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, always bickering, you two.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, welcome back to the land of the living.
LUCIE MILLER: Where's the boat?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Smashed.
LUCIE MILLER: Where are we?
THE DOCTOR: Seventy feet above Roman London. Sophie, please. It's our only option.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you two talking about?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Doctor, you and Lucie are complete beginners. Believe me, you'd fall to your deaths.
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah. Hold up. Doctor, what's this thing we're in?
THE DOCTOR: The Wicker Man.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, blimey, I saw that movie. Doesn't end well, does it?
THE DOCTOR: No. And unless Sophie here can come up with the goods, she, you, me and about a hundred other poor souls are going to be burnt alive as a Celtic sacrifice.

KETCH: Won't killing all them people leave us out of pocket, as it were?
SEPULCHRE: We shall simply beam more of them in from Earth. Another lost legion, perhaps.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: But to do that, we'll need the Cista Mystica back.
SEPULCHRE: We can recover it from the Doctor's ashes.

(Crowd sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: Sophie, please.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Forget it, Doctor. I've seen what happens when amateurs try rope-walking, and it ain't pretty.
ARCHDRUID: Almighty god of the sun, reverence our sacrifice.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't want to alarm anyone, but there's a bloke down there in white robes heading towards us with a flaming great torch in his hand.
THE DOCTOR: Boudica's Archdruid. Sepulchre's avatar.
LUCIE MILLER: He's lighting the wood around the feet. Sophie...

(Sound of the crowd turned off.)
KETCH: Well, that's that then. The end of the Doctor.
JUDGE JEFFREYS: Burnt alive within a fumifugium of suffering.
SEPULCHRE: Stewards, return now to your own times. We shall ascend to witness his cremation in person. We are eager to see his mortal discomfort.

(Screaming and sobbing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Great. Sophie, could your mechanics reach the city gate below us?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I should think so.
LUCIE MILLER: Perfect angle for a Zip Wire, wouldn't you say, Doctor? We could use our belts.
THE DOCTOR: Zip wire. Brilliant, Lucie.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: How do we break out of the wickerwork?
THE DOCTOR: Leave that to me.
(Sound of sonic screwdriver.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sonic screwdriver? I thought that only worked on doors.
THE DOCTOR: If I can oscillate the atoms in the wicker, it should weaken its structure.
(Breaking of bits of wicker.)
THE DOCTOR: There.
LUCIE MILLER: Go for it, Sophe.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Here goes nothing.
(Lasso swing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! You caught the gate first time. You must be the luckiest girl alive.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Luck had nothing to do with it. That's taken years of practice, that has.
LUCIE MILLER: Right, belts. Oh - Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I've got my cravat. First Sophie then you.
LUCIE MILLER: What about everyone else?
THE DOCTOR: If my theory is correct, we're the only ones truly in danger here. Jump off just before the gate. Go!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Now or never!
(Whizzing down line.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, go!
LUCIE MILLER: Whoo-hoo!
(Whizzing down line.)
THE DOCTOR: Here goes. Geronimo...!
(Whizzing down line.)

(End of whizzing.)
THE DOCTOR: (continuing:) ... mo...!
(Gentle fall.)
THE DOCTOR: Nothing broken?
LUCIE MILLER: No, I'm fine.
THE DOCTOR: Sophie?

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I'm a cat, me. Doctor, the Wicker Man!
LUCIE MILLER: It's disappeared.
THE DOCTOR: As I'd hoped. Remember what happened at Tyburn, Sophie? Each re-enactment depends on everything running according to Sepulchre's plans. If you do the unexpected his authority breaks down.
SEPULCHRE: Excellent reasoning, Doctor. I congratulate you.
THE DOCTOR: Sepulchre. Nice of you to join us.
LUCIE MILLER: That's Sepulchre? It's hideous.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Half-man, half-snake, half euch!
SEPULCHRE: Your countenance is equally unamiable to us.
THE DOCTOR: Then why torture human beings and keep them in fear? Why come here?
SEPULCHRE: Here, Doctor? And where exactly is "here"?
LUCIE MILLER: London, of course, snake face. Your precious re-enactment chambers.
SEPULCHRE: My neural re-enactment chambers, you mean.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Doctor, what's he talking about?
THE DOCTOR: Of course. Oh Doctor, the evidence was before your eyes and you just couldn't see it. That's brilliant, Sepulchre, brilliant.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, what are *you* talking about?
THE DOCTOR: Remember how I said the river was like a neural pathway, exchanging information and interfacing with the other time zones, like different areas of the brain.
LUCIE MILLER: To be honest I wasn't really listening. Sorry.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it isn't *like* a neural pathway, it *is* a neural pathway. Lucie, Sophie, we are inside Sepulchre's brain.
(SEPULCHRE hisses.)
SEPULCHRE: Finally you see the truth.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: But that's impossible. How can we fit inside this adder's head?
THE DOCTOR: The Cista Mystica, your snake box, Sophie, I told you. It operated tractor beams. What I didn't realise at the time is that those tractor beams are dimensionally transcendental.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: You what?
LUCIE MILLER: I get it. Sepulchre here's got a mind like a TARDIS, bigger on the inside than the outside, and we've materialised inside it.
THE DOCTOR: Top of the class, Lucie Miller.
SEPULCHRE: Now give us the Cista Mystica, Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't do it, Doctor.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Use it to whoosh him somewhere really 'orrible instead.
THE DOCTOR: I can't. The inversion would kill him.
LUCIE MILLER/SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: So?
THE DOCTOR: And everyone held within his mind.
LUCIE MILLER/SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Ah.
(SEPULCHRE hisses.)
SEPULCHRE: Resign yourself to your fate, Doctor, or die an agonising death.
THE DOCTOR: Like the one you had in mind for those poor people crammed into the Wicker Man like livestock?
SEPULCHRE: But that is precisely what humans are, Doctor, dumb animals. Who speaks for them? Is there an embassy for cattle? An ambassador for sheep?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, me. And I'm breaking off diplomatic relations.
(Sonic screwdriver operated.)
SEPULCHRE: No! Give it to me!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah! Give it to him all right!
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Shutting off the neural pathways. Each chamber will continue to function, but the avatars will no long be able to communicate with each other.

SEPULCHRE: We are separated. Sssss
(Sounds of seventeenth century male street sellers.)
STREET SELLER 1: Sheep's trotters.
STREET SELLER 2: Hot baked wardens.
STREET SELLER 1: Sheep's trotters.
STREET SELLER 2: Hot baked wardens!
STREET SELLER 1: Sheep's trotters.
STREET SELLER 2: Get your lovely hot baked wardens.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: We're home!
SEPULCHRE: You will regret this, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I think you're the one who's going to regret it.
PASSERBY 1: (male) Snake demon!
PASSERBY 2: (female) Oh, hideous!
THE DOCTOR: You can't hide behind your avatars now. The people can see you for who you really are.
GUARD: Fetch the militia!
THE DOCTOR: The scales are lifted from their eyes.
LUCIE MILLER: Meaning they can see *your* scales, mush.
POLICEMAN: Take this monster to the pillory. He can join the others.
(Sounds of crowd as they lift it.)
SEPULCHRE: Unhand us. We are your masters.
POLICEMAN: That's what Ketch and Jeffreys said. Take it away.
SEPULCHRE: Doctor, I will destroy you for this. Doctor. Doctor...
(Cheering from the crowd.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Will they kill them? Jeffreys, Ketch in the snake's den?
THE DOCTOR: No, they'll sense they can't go that far. After all, they are living inside his mind. Still, it should stir things up a bit. Always exciting to see tyranny overthrown.
LUCIE MILLER: A revolution in the head.
THE DOCTOR: I knew there was a reason you put that Beatles T-shirt on this morning.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: So what about me? What do I do?
THE DOCTOR: What do you *want* to do?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I was thinking about what you said about chapbooks, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Being the heroine of one.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah. I'm going to write the Adventures of Spring-Heeled Sophie.
LUCIE MILLER: Good for you.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Of course, I'll have to learn to write, but I reckon it can't be too hard. Chapter One, the Doctor, the saviour of London. The history of this remarkable being specially compiled by one who was there.
LUCIE MILLER: Oi. What about me?
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: A-and Lady Lucie, who saved us from the terror of the Wicker Man.
LUCIE MILLER: Better.
THE DOCTOR: Er, we may have to wait for the other chapters, Sophie. Seems we've attracted the attention of the mob.
LUCIE MILLER: But we haven't done anything.
THE DOCTOR: Side-effect of the neural isolation, I'm afraid. They can sense we're alien too. Or I am. Probably time to say our farewells.
POLICEMAN: Lay them by the heels.
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: I'll lead 'em off. Goodbye, you two. Thanks for the adventure!
LUCIE MILLER: Bye, Sophe.
THE DOCTOR: Goodbye. Go on, reaching for that high rope!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Oi! Jingle brains!
POLICEMAN: You talking to me?

SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah. Recognise me? Sophia Shepherd?
POLICEMAN: Spring-heeled Sophie!
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Yeah, you'll have to be quick on your heels to catch me.
POLICEMAN: Get her! She's getting away! Stop, thief! Stop, thief!
(SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE paraphrases his shouts mockingly:)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: Hat, fee! Hat, fee!
(Crowd laughter.)
SPRING-HEELED SOPHIE: The rooftops is my domain. I'm the cat of all London Town!
(Laughter and cheering from the crowd.)

(Walking in street.)
LUCIE MILLER: You see, Doctor? Two Thousand And Eight London *was* the next time zone along.
THE DOCTOR: All right, I admit it. You were right and I was wrong. What are you looking up there for?
LUCIE MILLER: A blue moon.
(THE DOCTOR laughs.)
THE DOCTOR: I walked into that one.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: You did find the right bridge though, I'll give you that.
THE DOCTOR: And here we are, Holborn Viaduct. And the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: Covered in parking tickets.
THE DOCTOR: At least it weren't clamped.
(Fumbling with door lock, door opened.)

(Inside the TARDIS control room, electronic door closing sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: So all these Londons will carry on inside Sepulchre's head, but without him and his avatars calling the shots?
THE DOCTOR: More or less.
LUCIE MILLER: You're sure?
THE DOCTOR: You want proof, Lucie? Listen to the sound of the city.
STREET SELLER 1: (Male) Big Issue!
STREET SELLER 2: (Male) Provisional Government declared in Russia...
(Chorus of STREET SELLER 1/STREET SELLER 2/STREET SELLER 3/STREET SELLER 4 - male and female voices, all talking at once.)
THE DOCTOR: It's so alive. Only the darkness is dead.
(TARDIS dematerialisation sound.)